

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XV.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1906.

No. 6

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second
class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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HARVEST HYMN.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied.
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear.
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, may we come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In thy presence to abide.
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

—*Henry Alford.*

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The soul of a State is in its ideas; and, when we say, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," we mean, "God protect and preserve the Ideas of Massachusetts." The State is destroyed, not when its wealth melts away, but when its ideas are corrupted.

What are the Ideas of Massachusetts?

1. First, look at its Ideas concerning Industry.

In Massachusetts work has always been honorable, idleness always a disgrace. A man with nothing to do does not feel at home among us. He feels like a truant school-boy,—very lonely. It is not amusing nor respectable here to be idle. Our greatest men are those who work the hardest,—work with hand, work with brain, with accomplished powers. Our aristocrats are not those who loll on sofas or drive fast horses, but merchants whose vessels whiten every sea, lawyers who carry on a case as if it was a great battle; physicians who take no rest, night or day, till the disease has been beaten back from the patient's door. In some countries it is not so. In the slave states it was held vulgar to labor. In France, before the revolution, government was a contrivance by which millions of laborers were compelled to support in idle amusements the thousands who considered themselves gentlemen. But in Massachusetts we work because we believe in work, not because we are obliged to. It is one of our Ideas.

2. Another of the Ideas of Massachusetts is that labor shall never be drudgery, but always art. Into all work she puts thought. As labor is elevated, the land can support always a larger number to the square mile. A few thousand Indians who live by hunting require a large territory to roam over. Add manufactures to farming; diversify manu-

factures, as is done in Massachusetts; let commerce come in also,—and no one can tell the maximum of population which a State can support.

3. One of the Ideas of Massachusetts from the first has been to educate the whole community. In our public schools, common to all and free to all, supported by the voluntary tax of each town, all the children of the State are educated.

4. Another of the Ideas of Massachusetts is Humanity. The State cares for all its children and feels bound to look after them all. Its maxim is that of its Master,—“They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.” To be sure, we only approximate to that idea as yet, but we have the idea. This State calls no man common or unclean. And the old State, our good mother, takes pains to give sight to her blind in her asylums, and hearing and speech to her deaf and dumb, to illuminate the torpid mind of the idiot, to cool the heated brain of the insane, to teach those who have never learned self-control how to govern their passions. The State holds in her beneficent arms all these her poor, sad, suffering children, and appoints her wisest and best men and women to look after them and care for them.

5. From all these roots Massachusetts derives her political Ideas. She is a democracy, through and through. She believes in human rights as such, in man as man. Her democracy does not consist in flattering the prejudices of the poor on election day, but in seeing that the children of the poor shall all be educated; that the suffering among the poor shall all be cared for; and that every one of her towns shall give to every man in its borders equal rights and an equal chance with every other man.

6. Massachusetts has also her religious Ideas, which are the most central and vital of all. These ideas of God, duty, immortality,—of Christ and his kingdom on earth,—founded the State, and have kept it. The religion of Massachusetts, differing in doctrines, has always involved two principles,—the freedom and independence of each church and the application of religion to human life. The religion of Massachusetts has, from the beginning, been a liberal religion and a practical religion. Whenever Massachusetts has been intolerant, it has been because she wished to be practical in her religion. Whenever she has become vague, abstract, metaphysical, and impractical in

her religion, it was from following too far the other impulse,—toward intellectual freedom. Massachusetts religion is as distinct as Massachusetts politics. Our Christianity here in Massachusetts is, in its spirit, the natural outgrowth of our ideas, and so has a unity of its own, amid all its diversity. Its spirit is freedom, its method is practice. Practice brings it back from any aberrations which excess of freedom may engender. Freedom corrects any shallowness, arising from a too narrow view of expediency.

Such are our Massachusetts ideas. These are the soul of our State. States die only when their soul dies.

How, then, are States saved? Jesus answers, when he says to his disciples, “Ye are the salt.” Men in whom the ideas of the State are incarnate, these renew its decaying life. God has saved the Commonwealth by the long line of illustrious men in whom its ideas have burned deepest, making each one a shining light and a warning fire. The Pilgrim Fathers, whose enthusiasm lay so deep beneath their Puritanic manners,—the most ideal men of their age (though seeming the most prosaic), because their thoughts ran farthest into the future,—Winthrop, Winslow, Standish, John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians; Sir Harry Vane, from whose republican integrity Oliver Cromwell longed to be delivered; Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, proto-martyrs to the principles of religious freedom; the men of the Revolution, Samuel Adams, Hancock, Jonathan Mayhew, the Quincys, and the Adamses; Beecher, Channing, Theodore Parker, Horace Mann; and last, not least in this long line of illustrious men, our own brother and friend, John Andrew. These are our salt; and by such men and such lives God has saved, and will save, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In the story of Abraham we read the saving power of a few good men in a state. Ten good men could have saved Sodom. But such men must be really good men,—men in whom the principle is so strong that it moulds all their life to itself, men who live for a principle. Such men are like candles, throwing their beams far out into the stormy night and guiding the wanderer home. They are the city set on a hill which cannot be hid. On this day of Thanksgiving, therefore, while thanking God for all his other gifts, let us thank him most of all for good men,—men loving justice, truth,

freedom, Christianity, more than comfort or peace; men ready to live and die for an idea; enthusiasts for goodness and right. These are men who make a state strong and permanent.

Good men save the state; but they can only save it when other men are capable of being moved and led by their shining examples. A time comes, in the downfall and corruption of communities, when good men struggle ineffectually against the tendencies of ruin. Hannibal could not save Carthage. Marcus Antoninus could not save the Roman Empire. Demosthenes could not save Greece. And Jesus Christ himself could not save Jerusalem from decay and destruction. Nations can go too far to be saved. The great hope of this land is in the fact that the mass of the people mean right, and, unless misled by demagogues, will do right. But, for this hope to be realized, all Christians and all patriots must work together. Our danger is that the people will leave public affairs to mere politicians, and devote themselves to their private interests.

Thank God for all. And, when our sister States in the South and West, who sit on the vast corn-bearing prairies of the Mississippi or by the blue Pacific, shall say: "Sister Massachusetts, why do you claim to lead the nation? You are old, we are young. You have only a little piece of barren land, we have mighty acres. You have neither gold nor iron, nor wheat, nor cotton, nor sugar. Your people, compared with ours, are few: your cities, small,"—Massachusetts may reply: "Sisters, if I lead, it is because you choose to follow where I go. If I stamp my character on the nation, it is because of the truth of the ideas in which I believe. It is not the body of Massachusetts, but the soul of Massachusetts, which you follow. Follow me only so long as I follow truth, freedom, justice, impartial right, human progress, and the guiding providence of God." And then shall all the sister States, with consenting voice, cry out together, "GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS."—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THANKSGIVING, SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

To thee, O loving Father, I come to bring my offering of thankfulness for thy wonderful gifts that have made my life so rich. It is a joy to speak of thy goodness and to

show forth thy praise. And this power to thank thee, this knowledge of thee as the source of all good and blessing, is itself one of the greatest of thy mercies, for which I can never sufficiently thank thee.

I bless thee, Lord, for the dear joy of knowing that thou art indeed a Father, blessing and caring for each one of thy children. With deep desire, I pray that I may never cease to feel this sacred tie of love that binds my soul to thee,—love that in thee is infinite in its perfection; love that in my frail and weak heart is infinite in its hopes and aspiration, and its capacities for an ever-deepening and widening life. In the bond of such a love thou art with me in my home, in my worship, in my daily work. Thy love is in the love of my dear ones, in the brotherly claims of a wider human fellowship. Thy love is in the pity and compassion that make my heart bleed for the bitter sorrows of the world; that make me, at least in some sad, earnest hours, long and seek to lighten the burden of the sufferings that I am pained to see.

In all, O Father, it is thy love which is the living fountain of joy, the inspiration of my prayer, the source of all my hope. And, when I ask my heart what offering of gratitude I can bring to thee for all thy mercies, I know that thou desirest but the gift which is itself a joy to bring,—the gift of filial love, and the service which that love inspires.

Deepen, O Lord, the hidden spring of a true devotion to thee. Open my eyes to see the tokens of thy presence everywhere. Make my weak heart strong in the might of thy indwelling spirit. Ennoble my poor, imperfect work with the desire and purpose of doing it for thee. And oh, amidst the changing lights or the gathering shadows of this world, may the clear radiance of thy truth and thy love shine on in my soul with increasing brightness, as I draw nearer to its everlasting source and walk more closely with thee.

Bless me, O my Father, guide me and keep me; and make me thine, now and evermore.—*Alone to the Alone.*

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,

Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for
aye,

And, though it hath beginning, sees no end.

—*Sir John Davies.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

OFFERS.

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Mrs. J. H. Lynch, Clayton, Missouri, offers French and Latin elementary text-books.

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The Springfield Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass. "Power through Repose," Annie Payson Call; Whittier "Year Book"; "Happiness," Horace Fletcher; "The Life of Emerson," O. W. Holmes; "Haworth's," Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Mrs. Tree's Will," Laura E. Richards; "Seven on the Highway," Blanche Willis Howard; "Casa Guidi Windows," Mrs. Browning; "Principles and Portraits," C. A. Bartol; "Food for the Invalid"; "George Eliot's Life," (three volumes, paper); Smith's "Bible Dictionary"; "Normal Music Course" (2d and 3d readers); "Public School Music Course" (2d book); "Elementary Text-book on Notation and Harmony"; Whitney's "Part Song and Chorus Book"; "Trowbridge Collection of Anthems, etc., for Church and Home"; Mason's "Fourth Music Reader" for upper grades; Ludd's "Anthem Gems" (vol. ii.); collection of music for four hands, arranged by Baumbach.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. William T. Ragan, Jackson Creek, North Carolina, asks for "Stepping Stones to Literature," a "Manual on Letter Writing," and a dictionary.

2. Mrs. Lillie Davis, Shiloh, New Jersey, would like instrumental music for the organ, and some of the popular songs.

3. *Youths' Companion* is asked for by Mrs. A. L. Perry, Correctionville, Iowa.

4. General reading is asked for by Mrs. R. W. Loring, Perry, Maine, R. F. D. No 2; Dora L. Simpson, Raines, Virginia; Mrs. L. A. Searles, Moston, Kansas; Mrs. T. P. Rushing, Peachland, North Carolina; Mrs. Roy Thompson, Tom Bean, Texas; and Harriet A. Purinton, School Street, Brunswick, Maine.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TRUTH TELLING.

I.

There is only one thing in the article by Dr. Abbott (in the October number of the *Cheerful Letter*) of which I doubt the wisdom. But, then, perhaps Jacob Abbott knew how to apply the method in a way of which most persons would not be capable. I mean in not trusting the statements of a child who had told an untruth. I think that in many cases this would be hurtful, and would confirm a child in the bad habit. He would say: "I did mean to tell the truth in future. I was sorry that I did not do so that time. But, if they won't believe me *anyhow*, even when I really am speaking the exact truth, what's the use? I might as well say anything. I don't care now, since they don't believe me any more."

In the *Life of Arnold* it is narrated that he dealt successfully with the dreadful habit of falsehood, so prevalent in English schools, merely by trusting the statements of the boys, and was usually successful. The boys said: "It is a shame to deceive Arnold, because he believes us."

Margaret Fuller, once finding that a little girl in the same house where she lived was accused of telling a falsehood, and that others were urging her to confession without pro-

ducing an impression, induced them to leave the child to her, and, taking her in her lap, said affectionately: "Now, my dear little girl, tell me just what happened. But be very careful to tell me *exactly* what happened, *for I shall believe every word you say.*"

Of course we must know the child's character and disposition in each case. One child may be handled with advantage in this way, and the next may be injured, by the same treatment. All children who show a tendency to misstatement may have explained to them kindly and seriously that the inevitable *final* result will be that they will not be believed. But to apply this retribution as an arbitrary punishment in childhood is not only unkind, but likely to lead practically to the very result that parents wish to avoid.

There ought also to be a careful distinction made between a deliberate intention to deceive and a habit of inaccurate statement.

Exaggeration, too, is a very common way of losing the truth; and the child should be taught to stop himself now and then, and consider, while speaking, whether he is not saying more than is exactly true, more than really happened,—repeating something with additions, in order to make out a case.

It is important also to remember that a child has not yet learned the use of language, either in speaking himself or in understanding the speech of others, so that, when he *seems* to be telling a falsehood, find out carefully, and first of all, what he is trying to say, and be sure that your own questions and statements are perfectly clear to him. We have heard the story of the little girl who was asked whether she had eaten all the apples in a certain dish. "No," she said, "I have not eaten *one*." She meant that there was one which she had not eaten. Another child was told not to sit down on the ground, when playing out of doors on a cold, damp day. She said, rather indignantly, "I *never* sit on the ground." The misunderstanding was that she thought *ground* meant bare earth, like a ploughed field or a road. Had she been told not to sit on the *grass*, she would have understood.

Again, children have a great deal of imagination. They cannot distinguish between ideas and fancies that come into their heads, and facts. Here again a gentle reminder is necessary. "Wait a minute, dear, and consider. Do you think that really happened just as you have told me?"

In the Life of Archbishop Benson we are

candidly informed that, as a boy, he told falsehoods. But from some of the anecdotes narrated it seems probable that his inaccuracies were not wilful deceptions, but merely the effect of an untrained and lively imagination.

We may ask, now, are there not many grown persons who fail of the truth in all these ways? How many men and women are there whose statements we can trust? And why do we require more conscientious accuracy from those whose minds and characters are still untrained than from those who are in full maturity? A person of forty or fifty may exaggerate grossly, invent, draw on the imagination for facts, make statements directly contrary to the truth, in order to support and defend a prejudice; and he finds indulgence for all these lapses. It is thought very unkind to call them falsehoods. He "forgot," or "mistook," or "supposed it was so." Every one makes excuses for him. But is it fair, when a child does the same thing, to accuse him of *falsehood*?

I hope I shall not be regarded as thinking lightly of untruth. Far from it. Let us have children *more* carefully trained, not less. But for children we need to use *little* blame and punishment, and constant, watchful, systematic training. The mature deserve much more blame than they receive; for their lapses are frequently the result of wilfulness, prejudice, and careless habits, which should have been corrected long before. They do more harm, too, than the errors of unformed childhood, and are much too easily self-excused, with scarcely an apology. While not so great a sin as the deliberate falsehoods of the habitually deceitful, they are serious moral faults.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

(Continued.)

There was a wildness about her that belonged to a creature fresh from the savage state, and which she never outgrew altogether. Her timidity was excessive; every strange face, object, or sound frightened her, every abrupt motion made her start: at the same time she was as mischievous as a monkey, and mad with spirits. One of her games was to run out of the ante-chamber of the hotel apartment and down a long corridor to the head of the staircase and back again before I could catch

her, and repeat this until she overreached herself, and flew back into the apartment in her excitement, when a sentinel immediately shut the door and captured her. One night she got out and began this game; but, instead of turning and scampering back, she ran down the staircase into the dark. It was late, the servants had gone to bed, the lights were out, and after a vain search I had to give her up for the night. The next morning she was brought back, so thoroughly cowed and scared, that from that time forth she not only never ran out again, but, when the door of the apartment opened, she sprang hastily into one of the inner rooms, as if outside lay the vast unknown, which she had seen once too close.

She was never quiet except when worn out with play, and she made such demands on me that I had to provide her with an arsenal of toys. a soft ball with something that jingled inside it was her first plaything, and one that held its favor in her mature years. It was in watching her play with this that I had my first intuition about the so-called cruelty of cats. I had often unsuccessfully tried to conquer the propensity to prolong suffering, but one day I saw its explanation in a flash. The cruelty comes not from a desire to torture, but to play with the prey: it is primarily something to eat, secondarily something to frisk with. I afterward convinced myself that this is the case by trying many cats with many playthings: a small object which rolls and bounds easily pleases them best, though they like worsted better than India rubber, because they can catch and handle the latter so well. The more of this motion a toy has the better it pleases them, and of course no inanimate object can give them as much sport as a live one.

In the chimney corner there was a box of the small, dry twigs so much used in Paris for lighting fires: they are extremely elastic, and fly like a grasshopper at the least fillip. Czarina soon found this out, and every evening after dinner, the time of the grand romp,—for cats, like children, are widest awake toward bedtime,—she would seat herself before the box, looking toward me to open it and give her a twig. Then she would begin a frolic which soon rose to frenzy, striking the twig and springing after it as it flew upon the chairs and tables, hitting it before it fell until it seemed to be perpetually in the air, chasing it from room to room, disappearing in pursuit of it, and tearing back

with it in her mouth, to send it flying again, while her plummy tail waved like a pennon, her long hair blew right and left, and the pupils of her eyes overspread the iris: she was like a wild thing of the woods.

One day a little boy, who was staying in the hotel for a short time, asked leave to come and see her, and to bring his pet dog. I was not easy in my mind as to the visit; but Czarina, after recovering from her alarm at the child, made the friendliest advances to the dog, which responded graciously, and they were soon playing together. The visit was repeated daily, to her increasing delight. She used to watch for it every morning, and was rather too playful for the dog, who was not young. When these acquaintances went away, a mechanical toy was bought as a substitute,—a white furry animal, about a foot high, with black-bead eyes, a red-flannel nose and tongue, and a belt round its neck. It might have been meant for a cat or a rabbit, being equally unlike either. It was erect on its haunches, and, when wound up, progressed by jumps, squeaking when it fell over or was struck. Its aspect filled Czarina with such terror that she fled from the room. Curiosity prevailed, as usual, and, from peeping through the crack of the door, she ventured to observe it from under a chair. By degrees, and not without beating many a retreat, she came from her hiding-places, and, after circuitous approaches and cautious sniffing, finally gave it a slight pat. The rabbit's mechanism responded by a spasmodic leap and squeak, and Zara went into the next room as if a pack of fox-terriers were in pursuit.

In the course of the evening she mustered courage to come back for further experiments, and at last went the length of caressing its soft head. When she had conquered her fright and was trying to have some fun with it, I wound it up again, and set it jumping away from her. After the first emotion she ran after it, overtook it, circled and bounded about it, and ended by challenging it to play by some swift taps. The rabbit tumbled over with a squeak, jerked along the floor, and she was off again. Familiarity bred confidence, and, in the end, contempt. The rabbit kept its charm for a month, and was brought out by Zara's request every evening. While it was in motion, she raced and played with it. When it stopped she would roll over with it, hugging, kissing, and bestowing buffets on it. She came dimly to suspect

that I held the secret of its animation, and would beg to have it wound up two or three times during the evening; but before many weeks were over she dismissed it as an inferior animal, and went back to the twig and ball. These, unluckily, she often mislaid. If I were out, she would find something else to play with; and, on coming in, I would find the tidies pulled off the chair-backs, the towels from the rack, and spools and balls of yarn dragged from the work-table in a little sewing-room at one extremity of the apartment through all the intermediate ones to the sitting-room. This last became her favorite pastime. A covered basket was got for the sewing utensils, but she learned to lift the lid. When the lid was tied down, she would force her paw under it and fish them out. There was no breaking her of it, so the maid was told to keep the door of the room shut; but I came home every day to find the legs of the drawing-room furniture entangled in countless yards of thread, silk, and worsted, and Zara clinging to the back of a chair like a jaguar, with a face of conscious and exultant naughtiness. For the maid never remembered to shut the door, and always re-entered the room with the same exclamation: "*Ce n'est pas à croire comme cette bête est méchante!*" which is the light in which human beings are apt to see the results of their own stupidity or carelessness in dealing with animals.—S. B. Wister, in "*Temple Bar*."

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

IV.

About 1833, and for many years afterward, the assembling of my father's brothers and brothers' wives and children at Christmas was the great event of the year in my almost solitary childhood. Often a party of twenty or more sat down every day for three or four weeks together in the dining-room, and we younger ones naturally spent the short days and long evenings in boyish and girlish sports and play. Certain very noisy and romping games,—Blindman's Buff, Prisoner's Base, Giant, Puss in the Corner, and Hunt the Hare,—as we played them through the halls below stairs, and the long corridors and rooms above, still appear to me as among the most delightful things in a world which was then all delight. As we grew a little older, and my dear, clever brother Tom came home from Oxford and

Germany, charades and plays and masquerading and dancing came into fashion. In short, ours was, for the time, like other large country houses, full of happy young people, with the high spirits common in those days. The rest of the year, except during the summer vacation, when brothers and cousins mustered again, the place was singularly quiet and my life strangely solitary for a child. Very early I made a *concordat* with each of my four successive governesses, that when lessons were ended, precisely at twelve, I was free to wander where I pleased about the park and woods, to row the boat on the pond, or ride my pony on the sands of the seashore two miles from the house. I was not to be expected to have any concern with my instructress outside the doors. The arrangement suited them, of course, perfectly; and my childhood was thus mainly a lonely one. I was so uniformly happy that I was (what I suppose few children are) quite conscious of my own happiness. I remember often thinking whether other children were all as happy as I; and sometimes, especially on a spring morning of the 18th March,—my mother's birthday, when I had a holiday, and used to make coronets of primroses and violets for her,—I can recall walking along the grass walks of that beautiful old garden, and feeling as if everything in the world was perfect, and my life complete bliss for which I could never thank God enough.

When the weather was too bad to spend my leisure hours out of doors, I plunged into the library at haphazard, often making "discovery" of books of which I had never been told, but which, thus found for myself, were doubly precious. Never shall I forget thus falling, by chance, on "*Kubla Khan*," in its first pamphlet shape. I also gloated over Southey's "*Curse of Kehama*" and "*The Cid*" and Scott's earlier works. My mother did very wisely, I think, to allow me thus to rove over the shelves at my own will. By degrees a genuine appetite for reading awoke in me, and I became a studious girl, as I shall presently describe. Besides the library, however. I had a play-house of my own for wet days. There were, at that time, two garrets only in the house (the bedrooms having all lofty coved ceilings), and these two garrets, over the lobbies, were altogether disused. I took possession of them, and kept the keys, lest anybody should pry into them, and truly they must have been a remarkable sight. On the sloping roofs I pinned the eyes of my peacock's

feathers in the relative positions of the stars of the chief constellations, one of my hobbies being astronomy. On another wall I fastened a rack full of carpenter's tools, which I could use pretty deftly on the bench beneath. The principal wall was an armory of old court swords and home-made pikes, decorated with green and white flags (I was an Irish patriot at that epoch), sundry javelins, bows and arrows, and a magnificently painted shield with the family arms. On the floor of one room was a collection of shells from the neighboring shore, and lastly there was a table with pens, ink, and paper,—implements, wherewith I perpetrated, *inter alia*, several poems of which I can just recall one. The *motif* of the story was obviously borrowed from a stanza in Moore's "Irish Melodies."

After a time my early ambition to become a poet died out under the terribly hard mental strain and very serious study through which I passed in seeking religious faith. But I have always passionately loved poetry of a certain kind, especially that of Shelley; and perhaps some of my prose writings have been the better for my early efforts to cultivate harmony and for my delight in good similes. This last propensity is even now very strong in me, and, whenever I write *con amore*, comparisons and metaphors come tumbling out of my head, till my difficulty is to exclude mixed ones.

My education at this time was of a simple kind. After Miss Kinnear left us to marry, I had another nursery governess, a good creature, properly entitled "Miss Daly," but called by my profane brothers, "The Daily Nuisance." After her came a real governess, the daughter of a bankrupt Liverpool merchant, who made my life a burden with her strict discipline and her "I-have-seen-better-days" airs; and whom, at last, I detected in a trick which to me appeared one of unparalleled turpitude. She had asked me to let her read something which I had written in a copy-book, and I had peremptorily declined to obey her request, and had locked up my papers in my beloved little writing-desk, which my dear brother Tom had bought for me out of his school-boy's pocket money. The keys of this desk I kept with other things in one of the old-fashioned pockets which every one then wore, and which formed a separate article of underclothing. This pocket my maid naturally placed at night on the chair beside my little bed; and, the curtains of the

bed being drawn, Miss W. no doubt, after a time, concluded I was asleep, and cautiously approached the chair on tiptoe. As it happened I was wide awake, having at that time the habit of repeating certain hymns and other religious things to myself before I went to sleep; and, when I perceived through the white curtain the shadow of my governess close outside, and then heard the slight jingle made by my keys as she abstracted them from my pocket, I felt as if I were witness of a crime. Anything so base I had never dreamed as existing outside story books of wicked children. Drawing the curtain I could see that Miss W. had gone with her candle into the inner room (one of the old "powdering closets" attached to all the rooms in Newbridge) and was busy with the desk which lay on the table therein. Very shortly I heard the desk close again, with an angry click,—and no wonder. Poor Miss W., who no doubt fancied she was going to detect her strange pupil in some particular naughtiness, found the manuscript in the desk to consist of solemn religious "Reflections," in the style of Mrs. Trimmer, and of a poetical description (in round hand) of the Last Judgment. My governess replaced the bunch of keys in my pocket and noiselessly withdrew, but it was long before I could sleep for sheer horror. And the next day I, of course, confided to my mother the terrible incident. Nothing, I think, was said to Miss W. about it, but she was very shortly afterward allowed to return to her beloved Liverpool, where for all I know she may be living still.—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, August 20th, 1838.

My dear James,—I have yours of the 6th. We shall be very glad to see Emma Keats here, and will try to make her happy while she is with us. Who would not be glad of a visit from "The Poet's Niece"?

I like the termination of your poem, and, since you thought fit to publish it, am glad to see it. I do not wonder that it is your pet. I think it is a beautiful poem. I hope we shall have Emma with us to go to Commencement. We are invited to dine at Mrs. Devens's. Charles has a part, and I think will do well. He has not yet found an employment. They say that people

have done having tutors on account of the hard times, but that cannot continue long.

The Freemans have been staying with us three weeks, and left us this morning. They are a sweet family, full of love and good feeling. Anna is a sweet child, with a fund of affection in her nature that makes her lovely and beloved.

Mr. Alcott came here early this morning and passed the day with us. Out in our grove we had some very interesting conversation, and then I took him up on to Ward's Hill, and showed him the beauty and glory of the earth, and he acknowledged it. I delight to hear him talk, as of yore. Poverty and contempt come not near him—they cannot touch him. What do you think he is going to do now, but to hire himself to a turner (it is a trade he knows) and support his family in that way, and wait the event. He will remain quiet till he is called for. Meantime, he insists, a time is coming when his word will be demanded, and he thinks pretty soon. They have subscribed four hundred dollars a year toward supporting him as minister at large in Boston, with full and free powers to do as he will; but this, of course, will not support him, and I suppose he will work all the week and preach on Sunday. He did not think it would do to accept the office in Louisville, because the money was given by the American Unitarian Association, and he fears he should not be likely to *carry out* their views. In this I cannot but agree with him. He thinks it would be rather dishonorable. We were speaking of Mr. Emerson's new sermon, and the accusations brought against him of atheism, pantheism, etc. He told me of his hopes that a new sect would be formed who should be in fact psycho-theists, or soul-worshippers, and how the worship should be conducted by serious and earnest conversation, sometimes in silence and sometimes in prayer, which should be an utterance of the highest desires. He speaks of Jesus as one now entirely misapprehended, and who would be reviled and driven away if he were at this time to appear among men. His Christianity should be living, and the dead traditional corpse should be cast out.

But I have not told you of seeing Mr. Emerson. A week since he preached at Watertown, and I drove with him as far as Mr. Ripley's at Waltham. He talked to me a great deal about Allston and art; expressed with becoming hesitation the fear he has long entertained that Allston is not

a Titanic genius—is an inarticulate sound; and demanded of me to show cause why it was not so. But, woe is me! I could not do it. I who have fed and nourished my spirit upon the fair creations of Allston had no acknowledgment to make for it. It was shameful; but, when I have thoroughly absorbed anything, there seems to be the end of it for a time. Did I not read in your Extract Book that the shepherd does not demand of the sheep to bring forward the grass it has eaten or the water it has drunk, but is satisfied with the wool and milk it produces—or something like it? I wish you would write an article on Allston, and print it in the *Messenger*, and I will send it to Mr. Emerson and say “them's my sentiments.”

I send you the morning picture without the frame, for it is taxing Mr. Conant too largely to occupy so much room in his trunk. As for trusting in my own genius, I do not think I am deficient in that point. You say I have a right to give more time to this art, at least till I can fairly try the experiment and see what I can do. But, my dear brother, it does not seem to me that it makes much difference whether I succeed or not. The question with me is, Have I a right to give myself up, time and thoughts, body and soul, to this interest, to leave nothing of myself for any social purpose, to sever all the ties that bind me to my kindred and my race? You will say that so much is unnecessary: that I need not be so one-sided as that; that I can consecrate a part of myself to art, and leave the rest to satisfy the calls of duty. But, if I know myself, it is not so. This same question came before me in a different shape, when I first loved art. It expressed itself thus at that remote period: “No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.” Now, though my beautiful art is not exactly mammon, neither is it God; and what could I do? I was sure that any wise friend would call it superstition in me if I told them of it, so my wise friends were not consulted, and I went on my way obedient to the despotic voice of conscience, and putting æsthetic pursuits into the corner. But, when the time came that I must do something for money, it seemed as if duty and inclination for once agreed, and so I have gone on till now, trying to do right at the moment, and refusing to sacri-

fice anything to my own peculiar divinity, but what I could call my own. I do not mean to assert that I have done this always, but it has been my aim to do so.

But, latterly, here is Mr. Allston advising me to make it my profession, and promising me success. Here is Mr. Emerson saying, "It is your first and highest duty to obey your instincts: satisfy the wants of your own soul, and you will do right." And it is enough to make one stop to think about it. Tell me what you think. I wish I could talk to you now, for I have arrived at that point of frankness that I prefer telling to writing.

What a good number of the *Messenger* the last one is! I think it is the best one for some time. By the way, in justice to William Eliot, you should take one of his noble private letters to you and publish it, instead of the article he wrote for the public eye. Don't let him become formal, I beg of you.

But it is too late to write any more to-night, though I have so much remaining space. Mr. Emerson says he owes you a kind letter, and will send his sermon and speech at Dartmouth to you himself. What a delightful person he is! Carlyle is not coming this year. Farewell.

Your sister,

SARAH.

HALL-ROOM HOUSE-KEEPING.

As cosy and practical an arrangement as I can recall is that of a business woman, compelled to make the most of five dollars a week after a lifetime of liberal things. She protested against the dust and fluff of carpets, and the floor was stained light oak-brown, with shellac finish. Neither folding-bed nor brass nor iron bedstead would she have, for space was precious, and her own wooden divan was just large enough, and a foot of room to spare. Under the divan, instead of a dress-box, a bag of denim was lashed with twine to the frame, wood strips holding the corners out, and this was dust-proof storage for gowns, wraps, and the odds and ends needed where the seasons overlap, as in this climate. Bags of lavender, cedar chips, and sandalwood sawdust, strewn to keep out moths, yield a blended odor of potpourri, the cloth lid and flap tie closely, and the big couch cover tells no tales of the pockets hidden at the foot where duster and floor cloth, washed and dried

after each using, hang, beside dustpan and brush, out of sight. The whole was cheap enough with cotton mattress four inches thick, big cushion stuffed with excelsior, and a feather pillow with cretonne cover tied on by day. Head and foot rails can be unslipped or turned down in daytime, as it is hard to keep pillows and bed-clothes in place at night without them. The divan cover is figured denim, bought for fifty cents at a rummage sale, and holds neither dust nor smells. The same denim curtains the closet recess, which is boarded overhead to make a high shelf above the hangers, where handbox and shirt-waist box are stored, and a frilled denim from the ceiling keeps off dust. The dressing-case goes between the head of the divan and the window. Rather high over the divan are bracket shelves for books,—the brackets cost five cents a set, and the shelves are the thin boards on which merchants fold cloths,—with a green leatherette fall over the front edge. A small bracket at one end holds a pretty ten-cent iron candlestick and wax candle, at the other end a Japanese hanging vase holds a growing vine, rooted in moss.

For domestic arrangements, a packing-box, twelve by fifteen inches, a yard long, stands on end in the corner by the window opposite the bureau. Covered with dark green figured cretonne, with a door of paste-board covered to match outside, and faced with plain green cambric inside, it makes a very pretty stand. Inside are shelves covered with lace-edged paper, where stand two cups and saucers, small enamelled white plates, and bowls, sugar, pickles in a glass can with screw top, with spoons, knives and forks, all stored in a very clean grape basket of the smaller size, convenient for setting table. A tin cake-box on the lower shelf holds everything that could tempt mice. A cretonne frilled box, which is the only seat beside the small rocker, holds gas tubing and burner, the tubing carefully folded in a thick paper bag, not to be smelly, also the enamelled cooking things, none of which cost over ten cents apiece. The vegetable knife, corkscrew, can-opener, etc., are kept in loops of tape inside the lid, readily seen when it is lifted. A large board, in cretonne case, is leaned on edge against the wall. For tea, the cupboard box is drawn out, and the board over it makes a table for two, held by hooks and staples underneath. Its cover of gray linen, with

two-inch hem-stitched border, is copied from the fine gray naperly of the Laboratory Kitchen lunch rooms.

The feature of the room is the pocket border of deep green twill against the wall at the height of a chair rail, on which are green and bronze pockets and bags of various sizes. As there is not room to lay things down, they must be hung up, as in the cabins of an ocean steamer. The sides of the bureau are also given up to pockets, for brush and comb and toilet things in the upper row, the lower for slippers and rubbers, concealed by flaps of the material, buttoned down.

A broad-hinged shelf lies against the wall when not in use; but, when its front legs are slipped in their sockets, it is a writing-table. Higher on the wall is a tiny cabinet, made of a wooden candy box lined with bronze green mercerized cotton, and covered with small figured stuff the same shading. Four stout brass screws fix the back against the wall, a square of window glass bound with velvet makes the door, and here the ink and mucilage rest safely, with half a dozen choice souvenirs, away from dust. Dust, however, is nearly unknown, the polished floor being wiped daily with a damp cloth, which is at once washed, dried, and tucked in its own pocket. The length of heavy ingrain which forms the rug is rubbed off with the cloth wrung dry.

In the window may be seen a fern-ball drooping lacy fronds, and pots of lemon verbena and apple-scented salvia, presents from friends who know what to give. If we stay to tea, the jardinière outside the window gives up its pots of cream and butter kept cool in wet sponge. Everything is wiped with soft paper afterward, so the dish washing is no horror. Ice?—yes, frozen distilled water by the five cents' worth in a stone pot, with its wadded cover, kept in the wind.

No comfort is wanting, and there is something saved each week out of the five dollars. The things were not all bought at once. The housekeeping began with a cup, a plate, an old knife and fork, one tin sauce-pan for coffee, and a five-inch frying-pan. Ten cents a week was devoted to buying things at first, later the allowance rose to twenty-five cents. Much taste and contrivance went to the furnishing for over a year to bring it to its present state, and nice care keeps its dainty condition.—*Hope Arden, in "Good Housekeeping."*

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN'S CLUBS.

An "old subscriber" from Michigan writes to the editor of the *New Unity* as follows:—

"After reading your protest in the *New Unity* of November 19, against the use of birds for millinery, I determined to try what could be done through women's clubs to make the practice unpopular. I have secured the adoption of a resolution in our club that no member will purchase a bird or a part of one for the purpose of wearing the same on her hat."

If anything can be done in America to check this horrid barbarism of our modern civilization, our correspondent has struck upon the right solution; for the women's clubs throughout the country are the centres both of social and intellectual power among women. At these clubs, and not in the churches, do they most freely and adequately express themselves. But for once and for almost the first time in our life we are inclined to take a gloomy view of a subject. It is impossible for the eye once made sensitive to this atrocity to have rest or relief in church or theatre or street car. Sunday and week-day there are continuous suggestions of death cries of parent birds and starvation agonies of birdlings, and these suggestions are worn not by the uncultivated and the unthinking, but by the conscious guardians of culture, those who have accepted reform as a vocation and who make civic improvement their business. Look upon an audience of well-dressed women in these days. It is like looking upon a great flock of impaled birds, as if a tropic jungle had been rounded up, and all the beautiful feathered inmates within the territory had been impaled alive and skewered upon the heads of the women. Can the women's clubs do anything? In the name of the birds, God's songsters, man's friends, the animate flowers of nature, we pass on the petition to this last court of appeal. What will the women's clubs do about it?

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

I. Clamor (clam oar).

II. 1. Cusk. 2. Shad. 3. Haddock.

4. Sunfish 5. Salmon. 6. Herring.

III. Lucknow.

IV. Five cows, \$50. On: sheep, \$3. Ninety-four pigs, \$47.

V. 1. When you and I are no longer here. 2. A quickstep. 3. A Roman Catholic priest.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No theology is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The first meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange for the season will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, November 2, at 10.30 A.M. At this meeting there will be a general conference on Cheerful Letter work. All interested in this work are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The December meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, December 7, at 10.30 A.M. The subject of this meeting will be Cheerful Letter work in Maine and New Hampshire.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 37 Ridgemont Street, Allston, Mass.

The Amusement Column is necessarily omitted this month.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.